

# THE FATE OF GOLIAH GASSBY A WARNING TO ALL-AROUND BASEBALL MARVELS.

By George William Daley

"Jack of all trades and master of none" is what my father used to remark up in the lumber camps when any man that could do a great many things was being discussed. He brought me up on the idea that it's better to know how to do one thing well than two things half well. That's the reason why, in my baseball experience, I've always frowned on the all-around player.

"Most of the managers in the big leagues don't change their players about. They recognize that ball players are like complicated machines, and they've got to keep the wheels and bearings running smooth, and the all-around star hasn't a chance with them. But a few still cling to him, and there's a sad awakening in store for them. They'll get handed out to them what Josh Haggard got the season that Goliath Gassby bloomed forth in the Comdroyer's league.

"The Alfalfas had won the championship the year previous and were fighting to hold first place with the Cloverdales, when, along about August, Josh signed Goliath Gassby as utility man, wishing to keep Dan Delaney, who generally filled a player's shoes who was

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"Hah," says Josh, not at all pleased by the newcomer's modest tones and general phraseology. "If you can't play any better than that bunch I don't want you. You're just a knock out fly. They're all dead ones."

"Oh, I didn't really mean I ain't up to date," says Goliath quickly, seeing how Josh had called him. "I only mean names as mere figures of speech. Just give me a chance and I'll show you. I won't do much bench warming when you get onto my curves."

"So Josh put him to work, and he did make good. Though big, he was lively, and he had a good arm and a keen eye. He couldn't bat on one side of my shirt, but he'd get three or four on the right along. He'd been all right until he had a bad habit of talking too much with his mouth. And then he regularly would do this:

"On Sunday nights him an' Tar Paper Hennessy, our left fielder, 'ud go out amid the sparklin' places of cut glass and red wine, and Goliath Gassby 'ud lug Hennessy home and play left field the next day. And then him and

"I bunched into an out-curve in the seventh and it sailed away over the right field fence. That was the only score either team made up to the ninth. In the first half of the ninth the first Burdock batter hit a hard one to Pinch. He scooped it, raised up to throw to first, and then all of a sudden sank down groaning. His ankle was all bent up he had a most painful look on his face.

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"Well, he may have tried to throw it to me—which wasn't his play at all—but the ball went forty feet to the left of me and under the bleachers, and the four runs came in. Josh was all colors with madness, and for the first time in our lives he had the satisfaction of seeing him light onto the all-around star. Pete Brown especially, didn't look sorry that the Burdock had got all the runs.

"I got mixed! I got mixed! I thought I was out all right," was all he could say.

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fence and bounded away back in the field. Only for that I'd got a homer and tied the score, but they stopped me third. Brodie hit for me, and the score was four to three and Goliath was up. The Burdock pitcher was afraid of him and gave him his base, and tried to strike Jimmy Harrison out. Jim swung and aye and got all on the shoulder, and the base was full, one little run needed to tie, two out, and Sam Merritt at the bat.

"Sam is a corkin' hitter in a pinch, an' I considered the game won when he rubbed his hands in the dirt and swung his bat. I was crouchin' off third, Goliath was down the line from second, and Jim Harrison was dancin' up and down of first.

"Talk about your Sam swung like a pile driver on the first ball pitched, and it went out like a streak for left center. I started to lope in and then there came a terrible scream of agony and Sam was out for interference an' bein' hit by a batted ball in the base, was Goliath Gassby!

"He had lep' in the air, yanked down that home run with one hand, stepped on second—puttin' himself out—and was in the act of triplin' Jim Harrison up at first.

"Talk about your four sixes and two nines, an' riot calls an' cyclone cellars an' prairie fires! There was a rough house then, and no error. Merritt jumped for Gassby and Josh jumped for him, and the umpire called a foul on third base, not knowin' how they'd decide and not wantin' to make the sixth out, if they was going to play ball that way. But the umpire said Goliath was out for interference an' bein' hit by a batted ball and a lot of other things, an' so we lost the game.

"S'pose you thought you was playin' right field w'en you grabbed that ball?" says Josh savagely. "Gassby was as soon as the crowd got off the field an' they'd taken Sam Merritt off the star. Goliath wouldn't speak. He got his clothes an' quit that night, but I believe he told one of the gang before he went that he thought he was playin' shortstop w'en he made that great catch and triple play, an' that Pinch Hobbs was a buck-toothed an' freckle-faced trouble maker. And that's how we got shut of him."

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LONG-LOST TRIBE.

The Children of Israel Said to Have Been Located in Mexico.

(Omaha World-Herald.)

While in Mexico City, during the winter, George W. Tucker, of Omaha, the well known art collector, who recently returned from Mexico, made the acquaintance of Colonel J. C. Tucker, former United States consul to Martine, who related to him a strange story of a race of people who live in an underground city in Central America.

In some unknown way, he relates, Colonel Tucker received information about a race who live in cities cut out of the rocks in the mountains of Central America, in an out-of-the-way place, very difficult to reach, and which no stranger had visited before him and returned alive. He decided to investigate. After reaching a certain point Colonel Tucker had to travel 80 miles through wild jungles, carrying his provisions on a pack mule, and enduring many hardships on the way. As he neared the hidden city his every movement was watched and reported to the high priest of the tribe dwelling there, but no harm was offered him. When, in the jungles, he shot a pair of lions which had been killing the natives he did an act that turned out to be the very thing that gave him their friendship and protection.

He was welcomed by the high priest, who spoke good English, and was shown through this wonderful city, hewn out of the solid granite rocks in the mountain side. To the uninitiated the entrance to the city seemed to be a mere crack in the rock, but the entrance to the city concealed within it. It was entered by secret passages, cunningly concealed by nature's handiwork, and which led to large, commodious rooms, handsomely furnished mostly in old mahogany. Passages led to hundreds of other rooms, and to a large hall, in which the strange people met and the high priest, while smaller openings for ventilation went upward, ending among the rocks and jungles above, so arranged that the rain could not enter.

The tradition among these curious people was that they originally came from a country far away, and that their mission was to outfit their enemies, which, in the beginning, were the Aztecs. At all entrances there were side rooms, from which, at a moment's notice, deadly gases could be let loose upon any hostile invaders who might enter, and which would kill them instantly, while by sliding doors of stone the gas would be kept from entering the city.

These dwellers in the bosom of the rocks are agriculturists, and cultivate the valleys, raising corn, grain, fruits and vegetables. They do not keep themselves barred from the knowledge of the world, but send their young men, silently and secretly, to the big cities of the world, who return with the information obtained. Some of these men never get back home, being slain en route through the dangerous jungles, which are infested with tribes who rob and kill.

The light of the sun, moon or stars never, when they dwell underground, except through certain openings, by which they study the mysteries of the night sky, but they use electricity for lighting purposes, a science they have learned by keeping in touch with the outer world through their young men.

Colonel Tucker believes these people are part of the lost tribes of Israel. He has many old parchments they gave him which he has been unable to find anyone to decipher for him, but which he believes contain the play of one of the great scholars of the world, when the mysteries they contain in their time-stained hieroglyphs will be made plain, thus revealing to the world, perhaps, the strangest story that ever linked the dim past with the living present.

Family Affair.

(Chicago News.)

Jack Gayboy—I'm going to kiss you, Miss Buddlets—Don't you dare. I'll call mamma.

Jack Gayboy—Oh, never mind; I kissed her in the hall as I came in.

Matter of Choice.

(Chicago News.)

Wiggins—I understand your uncle died of a complication of diseases.

Muggins—Either that or a complication of doctors, I'm not sure which it was.

# NATURE'S AWAKENING

Seasons Change and we Change with them.

As warm weather approaches nature awakes from her long winter sleep. The dreary months of bitter cold give way to sunshine, the ice king vanishes and the swelling buds and tender sprouts give evidence of spring's awakening. The sap, the life blood of all vegetation, is coursing upward through roots and fibres, taking with it from the bosom of mother earth food for the growth and development of vegetable life. Rich soil and a free and abundant circulation of sap produces healthy vegetation, while poor soil and a deficiency of the life-giving fluid means dwarfed or stunted growth and decay.

At spring's awakening the blood from which all animal life draws its sustenance and which nourishes our bodies must be free of all impurities and in a normal, healthy condition, or evidences of it will surely crop out in the form of sores and boils, red itching eruptions, pimples, rashes and skin troubles of every description. Warm weather stirs the blood, and in the effort to throw off the accumulated poison is thrown into a feverish excitement and riotous state, and the skin is the chief sufferer. The humors and poisons with which it is filled are thrown off through the skin, and so long as the blood is burdened with impurities sores and boils, pimples and blotches, bumps and rashes will continue to come. Bad blood not only affects the skin but creates internal disorders. The Liver and Kidneys act less promptly, the stomach is upset and the appetite usually fails, and this condition of affairs is bad on the nervous system and brings on that debilitated, run-down, tired-out feeling common to this time of the year. To remove from the blood all impurities and poisons is necessary before there is a full and free circulation and healthy action in other parts of the system. If your blood is all right then you are prepared for spring's awakening and the coming of warm weather. As a perfect spring medicine nothing is superior to S. S. S., which is made from roots and herbs gathered fresh from fields and forests, and not a particle of any mineral substance of any kind enters into this great vegetable remedy; and S. S. S. is the only blood purifier known of which this can truthfully be said. S. S. S. for the blood is widely and favorably known; it has been used for nearly fifty years and is more popular to-day than ever. If your nervous system is run down and the appetite fails, or sores, boils, pimples, or eruptions of any kind begin to appear, it indicates the blood is not up to the proper standard and that it has become impure and lost its power to nourish the body. Rich, pure blood and good circulation assures perfect health and freedom from many annoying ailments peculiar to spring. You will find S. S. S. acts promptly and will put your system in the best possible condition at spring's awakening. If you have any blood trouble, write us about it and our physician will help you get rid of it. Book on blood and its diseases free.

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Dr. J. B. Keyser

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How I Cure Weak, Puny Men.

Give me a man broken down from excesses, dissipation, boyish folly, hard work or worry, from any cause, which has sapped his vitality. Let him follow my advice for three months and I will make him as vigorous in every respect as any man of his age.

I will not promise to make a Hercules of a man who was never intended by nature to be strong and sturdy. Even that man I can make better than he is; but the man who has been strong and has lost his strength I can make as good as he ever was.

I can give back to any man what he has lost by abuse of the laws of nature. I can stop all drains upon the vital power in ten days.

A man who is nervous, whose brain and body are weak, who sleeps badly, awakes more tired than when he went to bed, who is easily discouraged, inclined to brood over imaginary troubles, who has lost ambition and energy to tackle hard problems, lacks the animal electricity which the Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt supplies.

The whole force of vitality in your body is dependent upon your animal electricity. When you lose that by draining the system in any manner my Belt will replace it and will cure you.

Mr. Harry T. Jackson, Valletto, Cal., writes Oct. 1: "Although you are a stranger to me, my heart warms toward you as a great benefactor and friend. I can eat and drink anything, have a good appetite, the dropsy has disappeared, and I have no pain in my limbs. You may publish or use this letter as you wish. Yours truly, HARRY T. JACKSON."

Let's like that tell a story which means a great deal to a sufferer. They are a beacon light to the man who has become discouraged from useless doctoring. I get such letters every day.

My Belt has a wonderful influence upon tired, weak nerves. It braces and invigorates them, and stirs up a great force of energy in a man.

I make the best electrical body appliance in the world, having devoted twenty years to perfecting it. I know my trade. My cures after everything else has failed are my best arguments.

Dear Sir—Your Belt has helped my stomach very much. My kidneys and bladder are in much better condition, and the left testicle that had been so large for years is becoming more natural. I feel very much encouraged so far and believe that all your words in regard to what the Belt will do for me will be proven true. Yours truly, ALLEN RUSSELL, PHOENIX, UTAH.

Give me a man with pains in his back, a dull ache in his muscles or joints, "come-and-go" pains in his shoulders, chest and side, Sciatica in his hip, Lumbago in his loins, or any ache or pain, and I will give him my Belt will pour the oil of life into his aching body and drive out every sign of pain. No pain can exist where my Belt is worn.

Dear Sir—I had suffered from stomach trouble for eleven years before I came to you for treatment, and also had dropsy in my feet and ankles for a long time, but about ninety days' use of your Belt has practically cured me. I can eat and drink anything, have a good appetite, the dropsy has disappeared, and I have no pain in my limbs. You may publish or use this letter as you wish. Yours truly, J. D. MAINES, TOLBO, NEV.

They come every day from everywhere. There is not a town or hamlet in the country which has not cures by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.